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WKU Women's Studies & Support Program

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Volume 7, No. 2—May 2003

Spring/Summer 2003

Perspectives

Photos by Christy Halbert & Trish Lindsey Jaggers

V-DAY

UNTIL THE VIOLENCE STOPS

On Thursday, March 6, 2003, Women's Studies students performed Eve Ensler's *The Vagina Monologues* to a sold-out audience in Gordon Wilson's Theatre Lab. The monologues are at the heart of "V-Day," a world-wide campaign to end violence against girls and women. Plans for next year's event include a larger theater so that no one will have to be turned away from this powerful event.



Women's Studies' V-Day Performers

V-DAY

Cara McFall reads a monologue



Before the doors open, a sell-out crowd awaits; 40-50 persons had to be turned away.

Ashley Ellis reads/performs a monologue

A BUSY SEMESTER FOR WOMEN'S STUDIES

By Farrah Ferriell,
Women's Studies Graduate Assistant

The semester may be rounding up, but everyone is still talking about Women's Studies' spring events. Thanks to an outstanding and dedicated group of 25 women's studies students, the Gordon Wilson Lab Theatre blew its top during the *Vagina Monologues* performance, presented on March 6. The women's studies performers drew in 225 people and raised \$1,176 for Hope

Harbor Sexual Trauma Center.

In addition to performing the *Vagina Monologues*, students organized a reception with great food, soda, and a feminist art show that featured several pieces of WKU students' art. Most of the students organized and presented the *Vagina Monologues* as an events requirement for their women's studies classes.

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NEWSLETTER COMMITTEE:

Trish Lindsey Jaggers, Chair, *WS Office Associate*
Mindy Farmer, *WS Graduate Student*
Melanie Roides, *WS Minor*
Jennifer Whipple, *WS Minor*

CONTRIBUTING WRITER:

Farrah Ferriell, *Graduate Assistant*

DIRECTOR'S DESK

I seem to have reached that dismal—or welcomed—point where I can think of nothing to say. I'm proud of our accomplishments, but Trish and Farrell and Melanie have done such a good job of characterizing them here that I can only say, "amen"! However, feeling this corner of the newsletter demands my attention, I thrust my grubby paw into a bucket labeled "internet humor" (Is it plagiarism when you admit it?)

Here are some things I've thought this semester, only they say it better than I did:

- "Ever stop to think and forget to start again?"
- "Consciousness: that annoying time between naps."
- "Okay, who stopped the payment on my really check?"
- "Make it idiot proof and someone will make a better idiot."
- "I can't remember if I'm the good twin or the evil one."
- "Raising teenagers is like nailing Jell-O to a tree."
- "You say I'm a bitch like it's a bad thing."
- "If you can't be a good example, then you'll just have to be a horrible warning." (Catherine Auld)

Sometimes there are just not enough words in the English language—even though our President just learned, is not incorrect when he says "they have NUCLEAR power"! My mother would have said, "Scandalous"! Still, we all know language is no more fixed than a leaky roof, so here are four of my new favorite terms:

handoubt - to wonder if the students even looked at the important papers you just passed them.

at-dick - students secretly listening to their CD players during class time.

bookstache - the facial hair added by students to every portrait in history textbooks.

controversive learning - when all the students in a class agree to stick to the same excuse for why their work is not done.

We've worked hard this semester and are McDone for now. Remember, laughing is good exercise. It's like jogging on the inside.

Enjoy our newsletter!

—Jane Olmsted

Et cetera

Perspectives is published twice yearly—spring and fall terms—by the Women's Studies Program at Western Kentucky University, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

The Women's Studies Center is located at 1532 State Street. Our mailing address is:

Women's Studies Program

1 Big Red Way
Bowling Green, KY 42101

Phone: (270) 745-6477
Fax: (270) 745-6861
Email: Trish.Jagers@wku.edu
or Jane.Olmsted@wku.edu

Visit our website at:
www.wku.edu/womenstudies/



Gerri Gribi performs at Carroll Knott's auditorium.

Folk, museum, historian, and educator Gerri Gribi performed "A Ramp Through Women's History" on Thursday, April 10 and again on Friday, April 11 during the Women's Studies Awards Luncheon. Her visit was sponsored by the Women's Studies Program, the Catherine Croghan Ward Visiting Professorship, Porter College of Arts and Humanities, the Departments of History and of Show. Gribi held the audience spellbound. Before the end of her performance, most everyone had tried her/his hand at sing-along and yelling—though the audience yelling could use a bit of work.

Amanda Biggs mixes with Gerri Gribi.



To see all the photos in color, visit our online newsletter at:
www.wku.edu/womenstudies/

We are . . .

Jane Olmsted, Director
Trish Lindsey Jagers, Office Associate
Charles Bussey, Faculty Fellow
Shelly Glorioso, Student Office Assistant
Farrah Ferrell, Graduate Assistant
Christy Harbert, WS Instructor

GIRLS IN SCIENCE



*Girls in Science Day,
Saturday, April 26, 2003*

Middle-schoolers Kaci and Shannon perform an experiment for the "Emergency Fish-kill Class" taught by Kate Webb.



Magic Show

ECMS students, both girls and boys, participated in a day of fun, exploration, and learning at the Magic Show. These girls are "tie-dyeing" safety goggles. Students later made their own "silly putty."



Magic Show

icky-poo!!!

Alicia McDaniel demonstrates what happens to a Styrofoam cup when it comes in contact with acetone— a.k.a. nail polish remover.

Over eighty middle-school girls from all around south-central Kentucky participated in the Girls in Science Day program at Western Kentucky University. Each received a t-shirt, lunch, and a fun day filled with experiments, challenges, and awards. This project is made possible by the Women's Studies Program and the combined efforts of Western faculty, staff, and student volunteers. Earlier in the month, Women's Studies sponsored the Science Magic Show, with Edmonson County middle-schoolers (girls and boys) as the attendees.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD: HOLLY EDWARDS IN SOUTH KOREA

12-03-02

On December 29th, I will get on an airplane to go to Seoul, S. Korea . . . the motherland (so close to the "axis of evil"!!!! ;)). I will be there for a year teaching English as a second language.

01-02-03

I have been in Korea now for three and a half days, and I feel like I should be coming home soon. For Dec 30, 31, and Jan 1, I had a really hard time. I was crying spontaneously and couldn't stop. But yesterday, a Filipino girl who lives in my dorm, Eliza, took me out on the bus to the subway and we went shopping at Itaewon and Dongdaemoon. I had a great day. I had just been feeling so trapped. Now I feel like I can go and do on my own a little. I don't expect to conquer Seoul anytime soon, but at least I know how to get there! I rode the bus by myself both yesterday and this morning. I am very proud of myself. It would probably be easier if I were in NYC taking the bus because I can at least read and speak to the driver. Here I have to ask several people until I find someone who can understand my poor, poor Korean or someone who speaks English. I catch myself thinking, "Why can't anyone speak English?" It's not like I am in Koreatown in LA or anything. I AM IN ANOTHER COUNTRY!

01-05-03

I have had a hard time adjusting to Korea because so many people try to speak Korean to me. I have to say "Hanguk mal motaeyo" which I was told means, "I don't speak Korean." A

lady who works at the school, Esther (English name), told me that she doesn't think I'm full Korean because my face isn't round/fat enough. I don't know if that's a compliment or not. I didn't really know what she was talking about, but as I look around, I realize that most everyone *does* have a very round face.

01-14-03

Annyong haseyo! . . . That means "Hello" in Korean. That is the polite way of saying it. If I were writing to just my peers, I would just say, "Annyong!!" (pronounced awn-yawng-ha-sa-yo). I am learning, but at a very slow pace. I can't believe I have only been here for two weeks. I feel like I've been here a lifetime.

The children in Korea go to school all day. They start at 8 a.m. and go to elementary, middle, or high school, and then get out at 3:00 p.m. After that, they come here (to the foreign language institute) and learn English. Classes here last until 7:00 p.m. Then, they finally get to go home. Yuck. I'm glad I didn't have to do that, but I now see where this generalization comes from: Asian children are smarter than American children. It's because they work so hard for it. The children are great. They really get me through my 15-hour days.

There is a lady who works at the school named Esther. I didn't expect to meet a woman like her in Korea. She (unlike anyone I have met so far) believes women should be treated equal with men, and she wants her 4-year-old daughter to be able to make her own choices in life: religion, husband, job, school, etc. I am thankful to have met her, and I hope to get to know her better. And of course, I

have Eliza.

01-20-03

This weekend, Eliza and I were walking in Kuri market (the city where I live), and there was a food stand, kind of hotdog-like. I look in the pot and I say, "Are those bugs?" Eliza and I immediately react as any normal Western Hemispherean: "EWWW!! YUCK!!!" We jump and snarl our noses. Well, needless to say, the lady who owned the stand was very offended. She started yelling at us in Korean. Eliza said she was yelling, "How can you say 'gross' to something you eat?!" Well, I don't eat that, and I will never eat that. It is called pondaegi (pronounced bpon-dig-gi I think). Silk worms. Patrick told me about it before I came, but I hadn't seen it until this weekend. I thought I might get sick.

The other interesting thing that I did this weekend was something I do everyday— I just had never done it like this before! I was at a coffee shop with some friends, and I had to go to the bathroom (number 1). I walk into the bathroom and, to my horror (and I do mean absolute horror), it looks like a urinal lying flat on the ground. I go out of the bathroom to check that I am in the "ladies" room. Yes, I am. So, I go back to Eliza and ask, "What do I do?" After some quick coaching from her, I successfully use the restroom. YIKES!

01-27-03

Well, yet another weekend has passed in the land of morning calm. (That is Korea's nick-

(Continued on page 4)

HOLLY'S JOURNAL, CONT.'D

name, but I can't figure out why. The only people who know are Koreans, and they can't express it well in English. Maybe by the time I leave, I'll be able to tell you.)

This weekend, Eliza and I went to eat at Outback Steakhouse (my, how we missed our "Australian" food). There we saw a bunch of white people, and we were so excited. Eliza didn't have the courage to go talk to them, so she made me go first. I have never been too shy, so I went.

The first question out of my mouth seemed so stupid. I excitedly said, "Are you Americans?" with this HUGE smile across my face. I must have looked so "eager" (for lack of better words). And I realize my first question should have been "Do you speak English?" but it was too late for that. Luckily, they did speak English, but none of them were American. Five of them were from Canada; one was from Australia, and the other was from New Zealand. So we ended up talking with them for hours (literally). We were just so excited to be able to speak English at a usual pace and not have to enunciate "Hell-ooo, Myyyyy name is Haw-ly. What's yourr name?" You know? This is probably the most racist I've ever been. It's like, I see white people, I immediately want to follow them. It is really very sad.

02-10-03

me-ahn-nay-yo... means I'm sorry in Korean. Well, let's see... my life has been pretty hectic lately, but I took it very slow this weekend because I was just getting over a galim-gi (cold). Friday, I went to immigration to get my alien registration card. Usually it takes several

days to get your card and passport, but Elder Lee must have some connections because we got it that day. One thing I have noticed about Korea is that there is no such thing as fair warning. Since Friday is my day off, I like to stay up late, drink as much coffee as I want, and watch movies or go to a no-ay bahng (karaoke room). But on Friday morning at 8:30, my dorm-mate knocked on my door, and sleepy, tired Holly barely makes it out of bed, when she says, "Elder Lee said he'd be here in 30 minutes to go to immigration," and since I hadn't taken my immigration pictures yet, I needed to do that too! So I had to jump in the shower (because I hadn't taken one the day before—shhh, don't tell). And my picture turned out very, very, very bad. But besides this one time, I would say that I have had at least 10 surprises just like it. Something else that TOTALLY drives me up the wall (no fair warning)... is the way the school celebrates the kindergartners birthdays in 3-month increments. This time it was Dec., Jan., and Feb., and I was told (only one day in advance after I had already made plans to visit Kyongbok Palaces that I MUST attend the birthday party— which really was no big deal except that I had to cancel my plans. So I go to the birthday party, and it is this unbelievably immaculate spread of foods and cakes and juices and sodas... you can't even imagine (well, maybe if I can get a picture). All the little girls and boys are dressed in their hanbok (Korean traditional dress). It was really nice and they took pictures of each one of them with Cheddie (the English teacher from Canada), but never ONCE was I asked to be in a picture. And the longer I sat there the angrier I got because honestly, my English is at least twice as good as

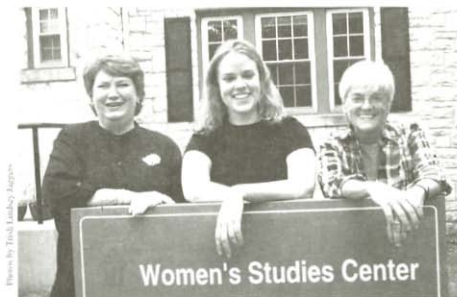
Cheddie, but because I do not look like a foreigner, I wasn't asked to be in the picture. Not that I really love being in pictures, but only half of the kids were Cheddie's students. Some of them were MY students whom I teach and who hug ME when they see me, but I couldn't even get a picture taken with them.

03-03-03

I've learned a little, but not enough to make a full sentence or anything that you want to say (for example, "your parents are like my parents"— tuh-oo-ee poo-mo-nym na-oo-ee poo-mo-nym kat-tay-yo). I find myself talking slowly to everybody. I can't speak in a normal fashion anymore. I even use simple words towards Eliza like, "here" and "there" not, "it's over here" or "anything." It's really disturbing.

I am feeling a lot of anti-Americanism here. It's a little disturbing, and I don't know how I feel about it. Although I can't speak Korean, I am a little thankful that I look Korean because if anything happens, I don't think they'll come after me because I look like I belong here. Frankly, I'm a little anti-American now, too. Although all the news I get is biased, I am surprised (and I really?) at how our government is handling the situation. I want to say that I hope it is all over soon, but I know it won't be. There are still demonstrations here about the two girls that were killed by American soldiers. Although it was "just an accident," some Korean people are very angry that the soldiers received no punishment—even for carelessness. There are at least 38,000 U.S. troops in Korea now, and although South Korea knows that it needs those U.S. troops, the U.S. (Continued on page 7)

Spring Awards Luncheon



Photos by Trish Lindsey Jaggers

L to R: Judy Owen, recipient of the 2002 Catherine Coogan Ward Feminist Action Award; Sarah Lawrence, recipient of the Catherine Ward Scholarship; Paula Bowles, recipient of the Seneca Falls Personal Empowerment Award & the Women's Studies Graduate Scholarship.



"Flapper Farrah," WS graduate assistant, graduates May 2003.

Photo by Sheri Hagan-Ross

After all the awards limelight, I was pleased to recognize History Professor Charles Bussey for his long-term commitment and service to women's studies. Here are some comments from several of his colleagues: Mary Ellen Miller says of him that "he has always [well, at least for the 30 years I have known him] been my kind of friend: liberal to the core; fair-minded; a believer in the worth and dignity of all human beings; and always unafraid of putting his money where his mouth is." Ted Hovel, who has since 1995 team taught with Charles in the American Studies sequence, says: "rather than separating out gender into a special 'unit' or topic, Charles consistently makes students aware of the events and conflicts that have made women and women's issues central to the shaping of American history, cultures, and values. As a result, when students speak or write on topics like American justice or dissent or symbols, they think of women's contributions as an integral element of any



topic they write about."

"When Charles retires . . . the Western community will lose one of its most dedicated feminists."

Kathryn Abbott

One of his students, a WS minor, now finishing law school in Louisville, describes him as one of the most important influences of my life. "Patti continues: 'He has meant so much to his students, and his colleagues and his commitments to feminist empowerment, social justice, and community outreach have made him a symbol of hope.' Kathryn Abbott, another historian, notes: 'When Charles retires at the end of this academic year, the Western community will lose one of its most dedicated feminists.'

I can't begin to tell you what an impact this kind, intelligent, funny man has made on all of us. As my son Gaden says, 'I think Charles is the most loving man I've ever met.' Thanks for being there for us, Charles, over the past 4 years. We will miss you!

— ANE OLASTED

BRIT IN THE BLUEGRASS INTERVIEWS WS MINOR, SHELLY GLORIOSO

By Melanie Roikes

Women's Studies Minor

M.R. Where were you born?

S.G. Pasadena, California.

M.R. What brought you to W.K.U.?

S.G. I moved to Bowling Green when I was ten, and I didn't want to leave Mom.

M.R. Who specifically drew you to the Women's Studies Program at W.K.U.?

S.G. Carey Brown. She taught my intro to Women's Studies class, and got me familiar with the program. It excited me to see an academic organization participating in the community.



M.R. Who most influenced your interest in women's issues?

S.G. My mom. She's an incredibly strong woman, and she's radical. She taught me to be independent, and not to "take crap from anyone," and she insisted that being female, as opposed to male, should not influence the way I interact with others.

M.R. What future your favorite feminist books?

S.G. *The War Against Women*, by Marilyn French, *Unbearable Weight*, by Susan Bordo, and *The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir.

M.R. How does Simone de Beauvoir especially influence you?

S.G. I respect her as a philosopher, a feminist, a feminist philosopher. I had been reading lots of Jean Paul Sartre, and he mentions her so much that I felt compelled to read her primary works.

M.R. What is your favorite feminist movie/play?

S.G. *Thelma and Louise*.

M.R. Why?

S.G. I watched it first when I was quite young and didn't think much about it, but after watching it a second time, I realized how controversial it is. I really like how the main characters, although strong women, are not flopping around with guns wearing short skirts. They are mentally and emotionally independent.

M.R. If you had one pitiful piece of advice to give men, what would it be?

S.G. Sit back, down. I can do it myself.

M.R. Would you share your thoughts on a particular feminist topic that you feel passionately about?

S.G. The biggest issue in women's studies for me is notions of the body in society. It's important for women to take control of their bodies. Beauty isn't what society tells us it is, and subjecting the body to beauty standards that aren't your own is a kind of oppression. Capitalism demands that we never be content with anything, especially our own bodies!

Postscript: Shelly's passionate and intelligent approach towards society's treatment of women and the body prompted her to write a paper for Dr. Groves's Qualitative Research Methods class. Shelly will be presenting this paper, entitled "Does This Make Me Look Fat? A Study of the Social Stigma Associated with Overweight Women," at the Mid-South Sociological Association Conference in Baton Rouge, Louisiana in November 2003. Shelly is a sociology and Philosophy major, and she has a minor in Women's Studies.

generations



Pat Minors



JoAnn Albers, Linda Calendrillo, & Linda Pickle

Photos by Thelma Lindsey Jagers



Michelle Acree

A BUSY SEMESTER, CONT.'D . . .

Shelly Glorioso—WKU sophomore double-majoring in philosophy and sociology and minoring in women's studies—volunteered for V-day: "I participated in V-day last year, and I had a great time raising awareness, educating, and having fun all at once. I decided to do it again, and this year it was twice as cool as last year."

The Women's Studies Program would like to thank all the students who organized and performed the V-day event—you go girls! Gerri Gribi, feminist folk singer, historian, and educator, performed *A Musical Romp Through Women's History* on April 10. Gerri spent three days in Bowling Green, during which Women's Studies kept her busy with lunch and dinner dates with women's studies professors and students, guest lecturing in Molly Kerby's Introduction to Women's Studies course, and performing both Thursday night for the public and at the Women's Studies awards luncheon on April 11.

Gerri's performance was phenomenal and drew an eager crowd of past fans and new. Her family, who sang traditional ballads when she was younger, and her growing interest in

women's ballads inspire her performances of women's folk songs. Before Gerri performed a song, she shared its history. Some of the songs she sang include "Ma Ho," a traditional Cheyenne Lullaby; "Hushabye (All the Pretty Little Horses)," an African American lullaby/protest song of the antebellum South; and "Cowboy's Sweetheart," Patsy Montana's 1935 hit, which opened the door for female country artists.

Women's Studies would also like to thank Gerri for her entertaining, beautiful, and educating performance—Thanks, Gerri!

Women's Studies also sponsored the second semester of the *generations Colloquia Luncheon* series with two presentations: on January 24 Pat Minors and Michelle Acree spoke about "Emotional Intelligence: Thinking Through Healthcare for Lower Income Women," and on February 13 JoAnn Albers, Linda Calendrillo, and Linda Pickle presented, "It's No Longer So Lonely: Women in Academic Administration" (see photos above). ☺

troops need to realize that they are visitors in a foreign country, and they should respect the rules and customs. Think about it. If any other country "accidentally" ran over two white, American girls on American soil, I would be willing to bet that they would be punished severely. That is my soapbox.

03-05-03

I didn't really get to finish everything I wanted to say, so this will be a little political. But I feel like I should let you in on Korean ideals, too. The other day, we were on the subway. In Korean culture, just about everybody gets drunk. I told you about the vomit on the sidewalk, and that's just an everyday occurrence here because everyone gets drunk. Well, on the subway, there was a man (probably in his 40's) sitting cross-legged banging his head on the door, tears streaming down his face, crying out (in Korean), "mom! dad! christ!" The sight made me both sad and scared, and the Korean people we were with said, "Don't worry. This happens all the time." We even had to step over him to get off the subway. They told me that tomorrow he would be fine. "Korean people have a lot of stress, so they drink to release it. He'll feel better tomorrow." I don't know about that. It was still unnerving.

03-18-03

o-ri-nun chongmahil dokdokheyyo... means we are very smart. I want to tell you about the strangest experience. There are places here called jim-jil-bangs (bang, if you remember means room). It's like a sauna, but the weird thing is that it's also a public bathroom. I said I'd never go to one, but I was tricked. Eliza and I thought that it was one that you can wear clothes in (they had these little white outfits you put on), but little did we know it was a naked one! Yeah. We felt rude leaving, so we stayed. And, honestly, after the first 10-15 minutes you forget that everyone is naked and that you're naked. We had a conversation with an older woman-naked. It was really strange, but it really was fun and very relaxing. They had a pool full of tea, some other mint pool, an ice cold pool, and then several different types of saunas. The older woman (ah-joon-mo-ni) thought I was Eliza's younger sister, and she thought Eliza was 20! And that's Korean age, so she actually thought I was 18 and Eliza was 19. So I guess that was a great compliment (a 7 year compliment!).

03-31-03

she-rdo-yo means I hate Chinese yellow dust. It has made me sick for the past two weeks, and I'm really tired of it. I can't go to sleep at night because my throat is so dry that I can't even swallow. Every waking moment, I have a Halls cough drop in my mouth, and I'm drinking water (no worries, it's bottled) like it's going out of style. I suppose the water isn't hurting me much—probably doing me good.

04-04-03

chahl heh sah yo... means good job or well done. I'm at the Outback, craving salad and a baked potato with butter and sour cream. You'd be surprised at the little things you miss from home. Usually the things you miss are the ones that are twice as expensive... I'm just amazed everyday at the changes that are taking place in my mind. Before, I thought Korean customs were silly; Koreans, on the whole (subways, buses), are

rude, but Koreans, singly, are very kind. Itaewon is highly populated by military folks and foreigners, and when they are rude, it just strengthens the Korean idea of hating America. I feel all I can do is stand by and watch it happen. So I wonder if I'll be able to assimilate properly when I return to America. I suppose every place has rude people. Korea has its people that stare and yell at me when I'm talking too loud, but overall, I am able to see how some Americans act. It's strange to be able to see that. When people were rude in America, it's just a rude person. Now, here, it's a rude AMERICAN—like that person is representing all of America. Now I realize what my parents said about how my actions represent them. I just said my parents were right... I am changing.

04-17-03

hwa-jahng-shil uh-di-sub-yo?... means, "where's the bathroom?"

Well, I talked to my employer about leaving. I really like the Korean teachers, and I like my job, etc., so I decided to stay for one more term (the end of June). Then I'm leaving. To clear up some confusion, I'm not ready to come home. I'm just ready to get out of this institute. So in the meantime, I'm going to be looking for another job, probably near Eliza. She lives in Junggye-dong in Nowon-gu, so I'll probably be moving to Nowon-gu. It's probably something

like what Manhattan or the Bronx is to New York City. I don't really know how to explain it. I just told my employer that I've never been unhappy at a job and living situation. Because, even when things got stressful at the law office (in Bowling Green), I could still come home to some sort of escape. Now, I come home and live with it. I never get a rest. The trees here are sprouting, but there are so few that it is far away from breathtaking. If I see a small patch of grass anywhere, I just want to roll around in it for a few minutes, but then I think that that is where the millions of stray cats and dogs here use the bathroom, and then I don't do it. Oh, well, just a short time before I come home, but then it will be snowy and cold and the grass will be dead. But it will be nice even to see all the dead trees.

04/28/03

new-sub-ahp-sah-yo means "I don't have news"

Nothing new. We have realized that either it has stopped or we are acclimated to the fact that people don't bump into us anymore. I mean we get the occasional bump, but in general, it's stopped. Actually, I know we have just grown accustomed to it, but it's nice to think that it has become obsolete. &

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& Scholarships

& The Gail Martin Lecture and Faculty Development Series

& Women's Studies book and video library

Contact:

Women's Studies Program, WKU
1 Big Red Way
Bowling Green, KY 42101
270-745-6477
womensstudies@wku.edu



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Women's Studies Program, WKU
1 Big Red Way
Bowling Green, KY 42101

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SPRING 2003 WOMEN'S STUDIES GRADUATE CERTIFICATES AND GRADUATING MINORS

Congratulations to those who complete their undergraduate degrees in women's studies May 2003:

Martha Briggs
Stefanie Bruser
Kristi Buckingham
Cynthia Darst
Joshua Edwards
Lindsay Gilmore
Kathryn Hill
Andre Lovan
Katie Murphy
Michelle Slaughter
Jennifer Whipple
Angela Ziccardi

Congratulations to those who complete their requirements for the graduate certificate in women's studies May 2003:

Paula Sue Bowles
Mindy Farmer
Farrah Ferriell
Shakti Nagaraja

Congratulations to our Cultural Criticism Writing Contest 2003 award winners:

Graduate award:
Zacchaeus Compson

Undergraduate award:
Elizabeth Hale



Photo & design by Trish Lindsey Jagers

"It is not revolution when the oppressed adopt the manner of the oppressors." Germaine Greer